

THE DAILY CHRONICLE.

VOL. II.—No. 58.

PHILADELPHIA, MONDAY, MARCH 9, 1829.

WHOLE NUMBER 208.

CHARLES ALEXANDER, PUBLISHER, N. 112 CHESTNUT STREET, OPPOSITE TO THE POST-OFFICE.—TERMS \$8 PER ANNUM, PAYABLE $\frac{1}{2}$ YEARLY IN ADVANCE.

KING PEDRO'S REVENGE.

BY ALFRED A. WAITE.

"One of the sons of Don Pedro, on his accession to the throne of Portugal, was to avenge the King of Castile to deliver over to his vengeance the murderers of his wife, who, on the death of Alfonso, had fled to that country for protection. The one undying hope, which had been his solace for ten weary and miserable years, was now approaching its consummation. On the day preceding that on which he was to avenge his wife, he was at the court of Santarem, the king commanded a state funeral pile to be erected upon the plain within the city, and a splendid banquet to be spread by his side. On the arrival of the Cavalcade from Castile, the pyre was kindled, and, after addressing to the mourners a few words of eloquent invective, in reply to their earnest applications for mercy, he caused them to be cast into the flames, while at his assembled tables sat down to a sumptuous banquet which had been prepared for them wholly regardless of the despatch of the wretched victims, who were consumed by their side.

After thus satisfying his revenge, Don Pedro commanded an assembly of the State of Castile; and there, in the presence of King Pedro's minion, solemnly swore on his family's soul, that, having obtained a dispensation from Rome, he had, secretly at Braganza, espoused the Lady Isabella de Castro in the presence of the Bishop of Coimbra, and of his master of the wardrobe, both of whom confirmed the truth of his declaration. Having caused the Pope's Bull, by which he was absolved from his previous transgression throughout the kingdom, to be read in the church, invested with all the insignia of royalty, and publicly crowned at Coimbra, when he completed the number of his court to do homage to his newly-crowned wife, he performed this ceremony in the presence of the queen, transported from Coimbra to Alcobaça, with a pomp hitherto unknown in Portugal, and there interred with all the honors due to the consort of a king.

KING PEDRO'S REVENGE.

Santarem's broad, sunny plain,
There's a rush of gold and green,
And the sunbeams on the water strain,
Came dancing on the ear;

And the banners wave, and the trumpets wail,
And the silver cymbals clash;
And sounds are on the fitful gale,
Like a stormy ocean's dash!

There's a mournful rising from the crowd
That girds King Pedro's throne,
Like the thunder peal, that from cloud to cloud,
In its gathering night rolls on;

And the shanty that gave way noon-tide sky,
To a wild, wild, give birth,
Which sounds like an army's battle-cry,
Till it shakes the solid earth.

"Tis the fierce triumphant voice of hate,
Of blood, the eager call;
The tiger's yell for his murdered mate,
Ere he springs to avenge her fall!

And ten thousand hearts beat as one
When that welcome hand draws near;
And their shout, like the knell of misery flown,
Still rings on the doomed ear!

What precious offering do they bring,
To feed a monarch's pride;
A gift more grateful to their King,
Than aught in the world bears!

Now gone, no gold, no silver, no lead,
Nor the sword's trials of war,
But a treasure to his panting heart
More prized, more precious far!

The murderers of the martyred bride,
Who should have shared his crown,
The felon slaves that had defied
So long his iron frown,—

Are given to his hand last, —
Stand fettered in his sight;
And his kindling glance on them cast,
With a fierce and grim delight!

"Demons—nay, bend no fawning knee!
Your doom is fixed, your sentence said!
And such misery shall ye gain from me,
As ye yourselves have earned—

The sainted dead—and but for you,
The shadow of my kindly state;

The glorious dead—ye foolish crew,
To glut a savage satyr's hate.

"There's blood upon your dastard brands,
The blood can only clear again,
There's guilt on those remorseless hands,
And fire, perchance, may cleanse the stain!

The tortures ye have wrought for me,
With keenest tortures I'll repay;

And your dying groans shall the music be,
To grace my fiendish board to-day.

"Call me not cruel—ye who turned
Your swords against a woman's breast;

Her bleeding tears and beauty turned;

And made me weep along your jest;

Cold hearts that beat not when I break;

Helps from a lisher Monarch seek;

For many here 'waren vain to pray.

"Sweet fire!—by thy guileless blood,

Unsheared wail, and fruitless tears;

By the love, even death hath not subdued;

By the calm delights of our early years;

By my widowed couch and withered bier;

By my broken hopes and failing brain;

By the feeling, now of my life's last year;

By the vow I never breathed in vain;

"My vengeance shall not sleep!—and they

Who deem thy earthly reign is o'er,

Shall yet to thee their curse repeat;

While others feel before me—

Shall one thus aiming by my side,

Uprise from thy silent rest;

The sharer of thy 'place of pride'—

A queen—a saint by all confessed!

"But hark! the signal trumpet's peal;

The pile is laid—the banquet spread;

Why gleams so many a shining steel?

Above each recreant traitor's head?

Put up thy thirring swords; 't were vain

To give you pyre a lifless prey;—

I will not but a single pain;

To quell like them—away! away!"

King Pedro sits in his festal board,

By his noblest compassed round;

And the sparkle of his eyes, now, is ever, now;

As the sparkle of his crown is crowned.

The sparkles that her smokes stirred,

At length resound no more;

And the thirst of vengeance, long deferred,

Is sated now and o'er!

King Alfonso's steeled gloom;

Two sculptured effigies recline;

A woman's sun, in youth's first bloom;

A queen—a saint by many a sign!

There's a crown upon her placid brow;

And a regal robe around her bower;

And charms that bid the gallant bairns,

Are breathing from that simple stow.

And a warrior king is sleeping near,

With his crown and sceptre on his side;

With a lip of cruel snore and pride!

His hand hath hilted his sword,

As some mortal for defied;

He breathes some wild, revengeful word;

—Thus then King Pedro died!

TIME FLIES—AND WHAT THEN?

How swift the pinions Time puts on,

To urge his flight away;

To-day's soon yesterday—anon

To-morrow is to-day.

Thus days, and weeks, and months, and years,

Depart from mortal view,

As easily through this vale of tears,

Our journey we pursue!

Yet grieve not, man, that thus he flies;

He hastens to thy rest;

The virtuous man that sooner dies,

Is snatched with the best.

DARBY O'REILY.

"In the good old times there existed in Ireland a race of mortals, who, under the denomination of 'poor scholars,' used to travel from parish to parish, and county to county, in order to increase their stock of knowledge. These poor scholars were for the most part men of from twenty to twenty and twenty years of age; and as they were also agreeable, social fellows, who during their peregrinations had acquired a fund of anecdote, could tell a good story, and never refused to lend a helping hand in any business that was going forward, they were received with a *cade mille fidelita** at every farmer's house throughout the country, where they were welcome to stay as long as they pleased. It happened one evening in the month of July, that one of these peripatetics, a stout, platter-faced mortal, by name Darby O'Reily (the very same it was who invented the famous stone soup), made his appearance at the house of the widow Fleming, who dwelt not far from the old church of Kilcummin. Now, the widow Fleming, who since her husband's death had taken the entire management of a large farm upon herself, was very glad to see Darby O'Reily for a variety of reasons. In the first place it was the hay harvest, and Darby would lend a helping hand and keep the men in good humour at their work with his merry stories; then he could teach the children great fun; and as he went before them, Darby, they'll play the puch with you." 'Oho, intruder!' cried Darby, 'I throw my life upon the heel of your honour's shoe.' 'Well,' said the claircraune, 'you're a rollocking lad as ever tipped a can, and it's a pity any harm should ever come of taking a drop of good drink—so give me your hand, and I'll save you—and as you never did any hurt to me or mine, I'll do more than that for you, Darby. Here, take this charm, and you are made for ever, my man.' 'And what's the *nathur* of it?' said Darby, at the same time putting it into his right-hand breeches-pocket, and buttoning it up tight. 'I'll tell you that,' said the claircraune; 'if you only pit it to the petticoat of the first woman in the land she'll follow you the wide world over; and that's no bad thing for a poor scholar.' So saying, the claircraune took him out of the fort, put him on the straight road, and wished him success with the charm, burst into a fit of laughter and disappeared. 'Good ride of you, any how,—but 'tis an ugly laugh you have with you,' said Darby, as he made the best of his way to the widow Fleming's, who was in no great humour, and no wonder, to be kept up so late by such a drunken *bletherum* as Darby. Now, when he saw the widow in a bit of a fret, 'Ho! by my soul,' said he, 'I've the cure in my breeches pocket.' So with that he outs with the charm, and pinned it sly to the widow's gown. 'I've charmed her now,' says Darby, 'if there's any truth in that little clasp of a claircraune.' And certainly there was soon a wonderful change in the widow, who, from being as glum as a misty morning, became as soft as butter. So very careful was she of Darby, that, late as it was, she made down a good fire, lest he should be cold after the night, brought him a supper of the best the house could afford, and had as much *cooran* about him as if he was lord of the land. Darby grinned with delight at the success of his charm; but he was soon made to grin at the wrong side of his mouth; for the widow, in the midst of her love, chanced to discover the charm that was pinned to the tail of her gown. 'What's that you've pinned to my gown, you rogue you?' said she, at the same time, flinging it into the fire. 'Botheration,' roared Darby, 'I'm settled for now; and no wonder he should roar, for the charm took instant effect; and the fire jumped *holus bolus* after Darby, who made for the door, and away he went as fast as his legs could carry him. But if he did, the fire came after him, roaring and blazing as if there were a thousand tar-barrels in the middle of it. Away he ran for the bare life, across the country, over hedge and ditch, for as good as two miles; neither stopping nor staying till he came to a deep well on a high bank, between Tullig and Gleun a Heelab, when who should he meet but his old friend the claircraune. 'Arrah, Darby!' says the little fellow, 'you seem to be in a wonderful hurry; where are you going so fast, man, that you wouldn't stop to speak to an old acquaintance?' 'Bad luck to you, to you, Darby!' says the claircraune; 'you're to save you now!' 'O! thunder alive! sure you wouldn't be after *sarring* Darby that way.' 'Well,' said the claircraune, 'I'll take compassion on you this once; so here's my advice, leap into the well, and you'll be safe.' 'Is it to the well you mane,' says Darby, 'why then do you take me for a fool entirely?' 'O! you're a very wise man to be sure, seeing you're a scholar, Darby; so you may take your own way if you like, and welcome. Good night to you, Darby O'Reily,' said the spifite little fellow, slapping his cocked hat on his head, and walking off with most mischievous grin. 'Good night to you, Darby O'Reily.' 'Murder! murder!' shouted Darby, for by this time the fire had come so near that it began to scorch him; when seeing there was no alternative, and thinking it better to be drowned than burned, he made a desper-

ate plunge into the well. Sous he went into his seat, and hammering as hard as he could at the heel of an old shoe. Although Darby was very much afraid of the fairies, he wasn't a bit in dread of the claircraune; for they say if you catch a claircraune and keep him fast, he'll show you where his purse is hid, and make a rich man of you. But it wasn't thinking of purses Darby was, for he'd rather be out of the fort than to get all the purses in the world. So when he saw the claircraune, it came into his head that may be he'd lend him a helping hand, for they say the little fellow is fond of a drop himself. 'Success to you, my boy, you are a good hand at a shoe, any how,' said Darby, addressing himself to the claircraune. 'Ah! Darby, my jolly buck, is that you?' said the claircraune, getting up from his work and looking him full in the face. 'The very same, at your honour's *sarvice*,' answered Darby. 'What brought you here?' 'I'm thinking you've got yourself into a bit of a scrape.' 'Fakes then your honour, I'm thinking the very same,' said Darby, 'if your honour doesn't lend me a helping hand.' So he told him how he stopped at the widow Fleming's, how he went down to the jig-house, and being a little overtaken in liquor, how he wandered through the fields until he found himself in the old fort, and wasn't able to make his way out again. 'You're in a bad case, Darby,' said the claircraune; 'I'm thinking you've been taken in by the claircraune; for the good people will be here directly, and if they find you before them, Darby, they'll play the puch with you.' 'Oho, intruder!' cried Darby, 'I throw my life upon the heel of your honour's shoe.' 'Well,' said the claircraune, 'you're a rollocking lad as ever tipped a can, and it's a pity any harm should ever come of taking a drop of good drink—so give me your hand, and I'll save you—and as you never did any hurt to me or mine, I'll do more than that for you, Darby. 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PHILADELPHIA:

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 9, 1828.
ADVERTISEMENTS omitted in this day's paper will be attended to in our next.

We are indebted to a gentleman at HAR-
RISON for the information that the HAR-
RISON CONVENTION, on Friday, nominated
GEORGE WOLF, of NORTHAMPTON COUNTY,
as their candidate for the office of GOVERN-
OR of PENNSYLVANIA. The vote, on the
15th ballot, was 70 for Mr. WOLF, 64 for
General BARNARD. Our correspondent's
letter was reprinted on Saturday, but not un-
til after our paper went to press.

The Senate, yesterday, confirmed the
nomination of MARTIN VAN BUREN, of
NEW YORK, as Secretary of State, and
SAMUEL D. INGRAM, of PENNSYLVANIA, as
Secretary of the Treasury. The present
POST-MASTER GENERAL is said to have been
nominated to the vacant seat on the Bench
of the Supreme Court, and JOHN W. CAMP-
WELL to be District Judge of Ohio.

In case of little importance lately tried
before Mr. JUSTICE PARK, in the ENGLISH
Court of Common Pleas, the Judge recom-
mended a reference, to which the defend-
ants counsel was willing to agree; but Ser-
geant SPANKE, for the plaintiff, said that
his client would not consent. The follow-
ing conversation took place between the
Judge and the Barrister.

Mr. Justice PARK said, that in such cases
counsel should be guided by their own honour-
able feelings, and should not suffer their better
judgment to be biased by their clients, the at-
torneys. When he sat at the bar, he never
consulted an attorney under such circumstances.

Mr. Justice SPANKE.—I am afraid, my
Lord, if I do not consult the attorneys, they will
not consult me. (A laugh.)

Mr. Justice PARK observed, with some
warmth, that he was convinced the honourable
feeling of brother Spanke never had been, and
never would be, governed by such a considera-
tion. He was only sorry that his learned brother
had made use of an expression so contrary to
the rule of his conduct, as it might go forth to
the world and be considered as his real motive.

Mr. Sergeant SPANKE said that he had merely
made use of the expression in a jocular man-
ner, and observed, with respect to the world's
taking it for his real motive, that men must live
in the world as it was.

Mr. Justice PARK.—Men should live in the
world with perfect respect and high honour, or
they had better not live in it at all.

M. DELVAL has executed, for the FRENCH
Chamber of Deputies, a picture represent-
ing Charles the Tenth taking the coronation
oath in the Cathedral of RHEIMS. It is
said to contain upwards of eighty portraits
of distinguished individuals.

The total number of bankruptcies gazet-
ted in LONDON, in the year 1828, was 1009;
being fewer than in any year since 1824.—
The number of insolvents has increased
within the last three years.

BARON FAHRE has presented to the town
of MONTPELIER, in FRANCE, a magnificient
Museum, said to be only inferior to that of
PARIS.

Shortly after the battle of Waterloo, a
LONDON paper published an extract of a letter
from LORD WELLINGTON, in which he
remarked that, "except a battle lost, nothing
could be more melancholy than a battle
won." An eye witness of the scene that
produced this reflexion, furnished the follow-
ing commentary, in a narrative recently
printed.

"The dead required no help; but thousands of
wounded, who could not help themselves, were
in want of every thing. One poor fellow, quite
blind from a gash across his eyes, sat upright,
gaping for breath, and murmuring, 'Die, said
de l'eau!' The anxiety for water was indeed
most distressing. The German 'Vater! vater!' and
the French 'Do l'eau! do l'eau!' still seem
sounding in my ear. I am convinced that hun-
dreds must have perished from thirst alone, and
they had no hope of assistance, for even human
persons were afraid to approach the scene of
blood, lest they should be taken in requisition to
bury the dead, almost every person who came
near being pressed into that disgusting and pain-
ful service.

The packet ship SILAS RICHARD arrived,
yesterday, at NEW YORK, having left LIVER-
POOL on the 24th of January. To our at-
tentive correspondents of the MORNING
HERALD, we are indebted for LIVERPOOL
papers to the 23d and a DUBLIN journal of
the 21st. No further important intelligence
appears to have been received respecting
the belligerents. The RUSSIAN EMPEROR is
said to adhere to his resolution of refusing
peace, without indemnity for the past and
security for the future. CONSTANTINOPLE is
represented as perfectly tranquil, in the
midst of vigorous warlike preparations. Ac-
counts from GIBRALTAR, to December 29, were
highly favorable, no deaths or new
cases having been reported for the last five
days. Dr. PITT, the principal physician in
the garrison, had published his opinion that
contagion had ceased. The contents of the
DUBLIN paper relate, almost exclusively, to
the CATHOLIC question. O'CONNELL, it
was said, intended to depart for LONDON on
the 13th of February. The appointment of
a new Lord Lieutenant was announced in
the LONDON STANDARD of the 19th, but his
name was withheld. Other papers named
the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, but ap-
parently without authority. In EDINBURGH,
active searches were on foot, for the pur-
pose of bringing to light every thing con-
nected with the detectable system of mur-
der recently discovered. We have extract-
ed, as usual, from the papers received, every
thing likely to interest any class of our
readers.

TERMS.

About six o'clock, yesterday morning, a new-
born infant, dead, and stark naked, was found
lying in the dirt and snow, at the corner of
Race and Water streets. Snow was falling
heavily, at the time.

A letter to the editors of the Baltimore Chro-
nicle, dated Valparaiso, Dec. 6, 1828, says that
snow is very dull at Lima; but that wheat, in
Chili, this year, will probably not be under three

The office of master of the hospital, at Bris-
tol, Eng. is vacant. Mr. Gilpin is a candidate,
succeeded Mr. Walker, who succeeded Mr. Hop-
per.

Smoking segars is said to be the rage in
London. A tragic actress, who visited this
country some years ago, reported, on her return
to England, that all the American ladies were
addicted to chewing tobacco. We hope there is
no more truth in the statement of a London
paper, that well dressed women are seen in the
streets puffing like the crater of a volcano.

On Sunday morning, Feb. 15, the citizens of
Tallahassee were surprised to find two inches of
snow on the ground. Such an occurrence had
not previously been known since the settlement
of middle Florida.

General Scott, being about to take up his re-
sidence near Petersburg, has been nominated as
a member of the Virginia Convention.

The number of primary free schools, in Bos-
ton, is fifty-seven.

"Why don't you dance?" said a young lady to
her friend. "I think it wrong, and therefore
I can't." "So you do, my dear."

The sum of \$6000 has been appropriated, by
the Virginia Legislature, for enlarging the public
library.

They grow like Hydra's heads.—A theatre
to be opened at Alexandria, with Flynn as the
manager, about the 20th.

According to a correspondent of the Balti-
more Gazette, the Colombian army, under Flo-
res, on the 9th November, lay at Guyaquil, while
the Peruvian General La Mar, with 10,000
men, was at Pura. Plenipotentiaries had arrived
at Guyaquil, to negotiate, and only waited
for passports to proceed to Lima.

A day or two since a man engaged in blasting
rocks, near the upper ferry bridge, was killed
by the premature discharge of the blast.

The Legislature of Delaware, at its present ses-
sion, has enacted a law, altering the mode of
choosing electors in that state.—The General
Ticket system is now adopted.

By a report from the Comptroller of the state
of NEW YORK, it appears that \$170,000 of
state money have been lost by loans to individuals.

The Fredericksburg Herald states that three
cases of small pox had occurred in that place.
Measures have been taken to prevent the exten-
sion of the disease.

The Great Bald Eagle sent a present to General
Jackson, died on its passage from NEW
YORK to Washington.

Fears are entertained in Easton, that Mr. Wil-
liam Smiley has been murdered between that
place and a section of the Delaware canal—for
which latter place he set out about 8 o'clock on
the evening of the 27th ult. and has not since
been heard of.

The way-mail between Charleston and Pury-
burg, S. C. was recently cut from behind the sul-
key. Some of the letters contained money.

150 bushels of potatoes were raised by the
garrison at Fort Gibson, on 4 1/2 acres of ground
the last season.

A resolution has passed the House of Assem-
bly of Lower Canada, appropriating £11,541 to
build a Hospital for the reception of sick seamen,
and levying a duty of 10 shillings per hundred
tons on all vessels arriving at Quebec from sea
for the support of the Hospital.

The November English Packet not having ar-
rived at Halifax on the 11th of February, the
inference is that she has foundered at sea.

Both Houses of the Massachusetts Legisla-
ture have passed a bill repealing all laws, ex-
empting from taxation the polls and estates of
Ministers of the Gospel, Officers of Colleges, &c.
and also those which exempt machinery in cot-
ton and woolen factories and sheep.

Venice papers to the 9th instant, and Frank-
fort papers to the 14th, reached us this morning.
They contain accounts from the frontiers of Ser-
bia, dated the 28th of December, in which it is
stated, that in consequence of the great severity
of the weather, all military operations had been
suspended, and it has been found impossible to
provision the Turkish fortresses according to the
orders received from Constantinople.

The Senate of Connecticut has confirmed the
nomination by the President, of Nathan Smith,
Esq. to be District Attorney for the State.

The late severe ice-frost in the river Schuyl-
kill; has gone off without doing any injury to the
locks of the Schuylkill Navigation Company.—
The ice was 16 and 18 inches thick in some of
the pools, and went off with great violence,
occurred by a heavy fall of rain on Monday last.

Eggs were selling in Washington city recently
at eighty cents the dozen.

LATE FROM EUROPE.

By the packet ship Silas Richards, arrived at New York.

RECAL OF THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY.

A most numerous and respectable meeting of
the citizens of Dublin was held at the Royal Ex-
change, on Friday, the Duke of Leinster in the
chair, when an address to the Lord Lieutenant,
deeply lamenting his recall, was moved by Mr.
J. D. Latouche, the banker, and seconded by
Mr. O'Connell. On Saturday two deputations
from different parishes in Dublin, the one headed
by the Catholic Archbishop, Dr. Murray, and
the other by Mr. O'Connell, waited upon the
Lord Lieutenant with addresses expressive of
the regret of the parishioners at his Lordship's
recall. The noble Marquis returned the follow-
ing admirable answer to the address read by
Mr. O'Connell:

"I thank you most sincerely for the feelings
which you have been pleased to address towards me.
Believe me, that I meet them with the warmest
affection for Ireland, with an earnest zeal
for her prosperity, with the deepest gratitude
for the generous kindness which I have experienced
from the people. The sentiments which you ex-
press of loyalty to your Sovereign, and dedi-
cation to your country, will, I trust, be ever un-
ited in the hearts of all classes of his Majesty's
subjects. The interests of the King, and those
of his people are inseparable. The attachment
of the people is the true strength and glory of
the Crown; the due maintenance of the Royal
Authority, the best security for the rights and
liberties of the subject. In conducting the Go-
vernment of Ireland, it has been my constant
object to act with strict impartiality, to soften
political asperities, to allay religious dissensions,
and to promote peace and good will amongst all
denominations of men. The spirit which breathes
through the address with which you have hon-
oured me, shows that you feelings corresponds
with mine. In proportion as I wish to see gene-
ral concord established, the union of the empire

mented, Protestants and Catholics incorpor-
ated, and rendered, as in other countries they
are, one happy people, is, that the King
may be enabled to wield the greatest energy
for the public good, so do I feel anxious, that
the great question to which you refer should be
settled at once. The liberal, and conciliatory
objection, I am sanguine enough to hope,
that this wished for conciliation is attained;
and that to ensure it, is only necessary to
unshackle, to obey the law, to respect the
constituted authorities of the State, and
to bear in mind the parental admonition of their
Sovereign, when he departed from their shore.
Although I must now take leave of you, my
heart will ever be with Ireland; and Ibrahim
will, this year, will probably not be under three

years of age.

PARIS AND CHAPMAN.—At a meeting of the
creditors, on Tuesday, Jan. 6, the balance-sheet
was produced, of which the following is a sum-
mary:

Debts owing and outstanding, £161,000

Assets to meet the same, 248,000

Deficiency, 133,000

It appeared that, since the commencement of
this banking establishment, the bad debts had
increased to about £220,000, and it was stated
that the Crown claims were £32,520; for Gu-
ney's Bills, £6,000. The capital, in one
year, was stated to be £110,000. The profits
were stated to be £57,000.

PORTUGAL.—A private letter from Lisbon
(via Paris) of the 27th ult., states that the
French troops, which had been at the 22d ult.,
the 25th, and 46th regiments, were to embark
between the 22d and 27th for Toulon, and the rest
of the expedition was to follow in succession, as
the transports arrived. Thus, the presence of French
troops in Greece will no longer embarrass the
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